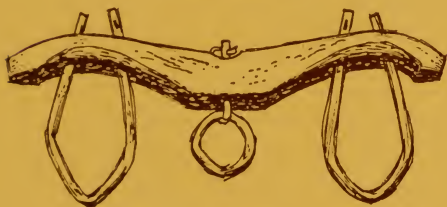


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Chase Webb & Betty Smith
Lawyer Lincoln

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LAWYER LINCOLN

Comedy in One Act

BY CHASE WEBB AND BETTY SMITH



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6 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

LAWYER LINCOLN

Comedy in One Act

BY CHASE WEBB AND BETTY SMITH

DRAMATISTS PLAY
SERVICE, INC.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

SIS BEASELEY, *a boarding-house keeper.*

KEENIE JACKSON, *a young girl.*

MIZ JACKSON, *her mother.*

LULY MAY, *her bashful bosom friend.*

MISS SOPHRONY, *a maiden lady.*

CRAIG, *a young lawyer.*

JUDGE DAVIS, *in charge of the circuit.*

NATE BEASELEY, *a backward country boy.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *a circuit lawyer.*

THE TIME is spring, 1849.

THE PLACE is Sis Beaseley's boarding-house in a small Illinois town.

In backwoods Indiana and Illinois, Lincoln's name was pronounced and spelled in various ways. The most popular variations were *Linkin*, *Linkern* and *Linkhorn*.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

It is intended that the costumes be indicative of the period rather than actual replicas. The costumes are standard. The women wear full skirts and tight bodices. The men wear suits; the trousers somewhat tight in the leg and full-skirted as to coat. Authenticity of the period is achieved by the hair style of the women and the neckwear of the men.

SIS BEASELEY: Forty years old. Short, plump, comely and jolly. She wears a dark grey dress with a full skirt which comes to her ankles and a tight-fitting waist. Her dark hair is parted in the middle and combed down severely on either side of her face and pinned into a knot at the nape of her neck. She wears a gingham apron at the play's opening.

MIZ JACKSON: Thirty-eight years old. Tall, strong and practical. She wears a dark brown dress which may be silk. It is made like Mrs. Beaseley's. Her dark brown hair, well sprinkled with grey, is dressed the same way. She wears a dark brown shawl and a dark brown untrimmed bonnet which she removes later in the play.

MISS SOPHRONY: She is a thin maiden lady who might be any age. She is determinedly brisk and gay and very dressy. She wears a stiff black silk dress trimmed with jet beads. Her dark red hair, probably dyed, is parted in the middle and pinned in a knot at the nape of her neck. However, she has stuck three long curls behind each ear and she wears a black fan-shaped comb. On entering, she wears a short black silk cape trimmed

with a black silk ruffle and a small black bonnet trimmed with a nodding plume. She carries a black silk reticule.

KEENIE: Eighteen, lively and pretty. She wears a very full-skirted and tight-waisted dress of red calico. Over this, she wears a short knitted shawl, deep blue in color. She wears black, low-heeled strap pumps and white stockings. Her black hair is combed off her face and behind her ears and cascades down the back in curls and ringlets.

LULY MAY: Seventeen, pink and white, blond and pretty. She wears a white dress sprigged with blue flowers. Her curls are tied with pink ribbon. She wears shoes and stockings like Keenie's. On her first entrance, she wears a white woolen shawl. Neither she nor Keenie wear bonnets.

NATE BEASELEY: A bashful boy of twenty-one. Rather good-looking, if he would only slick down his hair. He wears loose-fitting pants, cowhide boots and a homespun shirt open at the throat. He wears a strap diagonally across his back and over his shoulder which, attached to two buttons on his pants, serves as a suspender. He is a very likeable fellow.

JUDGE DAVIS: He is a handsome portly man about forty years of age. He has a ruddy face and a sonorous voice. He is very much on his dignity. He wears dark trousers and a frock coat. He wears a white shirt with a high stiff collar, the points of which turn down, and a black stock about his neck. He wears a low-cut black vest with a conspicuous-looking watch fob hanging out of the pocket. He is clean-shaven.

LAWYER CRAIG: He is thirty-five and the dandy of the gathering. He wears light-colored trousers and a slightly darker coat. His white shirt has frills down the

front and he wears a flowing black scarf tied into a bow for a tie. He may wear a flowered vest if one is available. He is a pleasant-looking gentleman with an agreeable smile.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: Forty years old and clean-shaven. His face and appearance are so familiar to everyone that no description is needed here. He wears a suit of rusty black, a little short and tight in breeches and sleeves and a little skimpy as to coat tails. His coarse dark hair is thick and unruly and his white shirt collar rolls over a clumsily knotted, thick, black bow tie. On entering, he carries a stovepipe hat in which he carries his legal papers.

LAWYER LINCOLN

Along around 1849, JUDGE DAVIS and a band of itinerant lawyers made the circuit of the Eighth Judicial District in Illinois. LINCOLN was one of the journeyman attorneys. This gawky, lanky, melancholy country lawyer was never to forget those days of gypsying up and down the countryside finding adventure in every simple, homely incident . . . spending his days talking law and his nights joking and skylarking. At that time most of his nights were spent at crowded, county seat hostelrys or boarding-houses. LINCOLN was the main spark of wit and prank that kept tedium away from the judge and his companions.

This particular night took him and his associates to SIS BEASELEY'S boarding-house.

It is a cheerful enough room and is made to serve as both living and dining room. The long boarding table is at the R. upstage near the kitchen door. Stairs leading to other rooms in the house are upstage L. Door leading to outside is in C. of upstage wall.

There are several chairs behind the table and a backless bench before it. An old-fashioned chest stands under a small high window which is next to the door. There is a wide fireplace downstage R. with a three-legged stool drawn up to it. A high-backed settee, facing front, forms a wing of a right angle with the fireplace.

It is night. There is a blazing log fire and a lighted lamp on the table. The large room has a softened, shadowy glow that is conducive to good cheer and good fellowship.

AT RISE, SIS BEASELEY, a comely, jolly woman of forty, is sitting at the table practicing from the *Missouri Harmony Book*.

SIS. (*singing in a high voice*) "Oh, Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight." (*She isn't satisfied; stops singing, comes around to other end of table, sits on the bench and tries the same line an octave lower.*) "Oh, Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight." (*A face peers in at the window. She shrieks, rises and drops the book. She runs to the window. The face disappears. She calls out.*) Come in! Come in! Don't scare the life out of a body. (*No answer.*) Mr. Linken? Mr. Linken, is that you, sir, playin' another joke on me? Answer me!

(*No answer. But the door opens slowly and NATE BEASELEY, a young man of twenty-one, dressed in homespun shirt, trousers and cowhide boots, comes in.*)

NATE. Howdy, Maw! It's me.

SIS. I declare, Nate Beaseley, where on earth you been? Supper's over and gone this good while. Jedge Davis et and Lawyer Craig et. Seems like you could eat with the boarders and not make me be a-doin' extra waitin' on you.

NATE. (*sliding on to the chair behind the table*) Lawyer Linken et yet?

SIS. He ain't come in yet and Jedge Davis ain't likin' it. He's plumb worried what with court openin' first thing in the mornin' and not even the first man of the jury picked yet. (*While talking, she has gone into the kitchen*

and returned with a plate of food which she sets before
NATE.)

NATE. Ain't hungry, Maw.

SIS. You got to be hungry after not eatin' dinner nor supper. 'Pears like you got the love-sickness or somethin'.

NATE. (*in agony*) All right! I'll eat then. But don't be talkin' about such-like things. (*He starts to eat.*)

(*There is a tap on the door.*)

SIS. Come on in!

(KEENIE JACKSON, a lively, pretty girl of eighteen, rushes in.)

KEENIE. Howdy, Miz Beaseley.

SIS. Why, howdy, Keenie.

KEENIE. (*brightly*) Evenin', Nate. (*He droops his head low over his plate without answering.*) Miz Beaseley, Maw said could we hold our Harmony Class over to your house tonight? Grampaw's in a tantrum and the singin' riles him up when he's that-a-way so Maw can't have the Class at our place.

SIS. Mighty glad to have 'em. You tell your Maw.

KEENIE. Yes'm. (*She goes to the door.*)

SIS. Anybody waitin' outside for to walk you home?

KEENIE. No'm.

SIS. (*authoritatively*) Nate!

NATE. (*in agony*) Aw no, Maw.

KEENIE. (*tossing her head*) I ain't a-needin' company.

SIS. Any pretty gal needs company. Seems like you'll be pickin' you a husband soon.

KEENIE. I ain't marryin' nobody less'n he can give me one of those new-style travelin' honeymoons.

NATE. Ain't . . . nobody got money for such-like things.

KEENIE. Curly Allen's got . . . a little. (*As she is about to go out.*) I'll tell Maw, Miz Beaseley.

SIS. And tell the ladies to bring along their own Missouri Harmony Book. I ain't got but the one. (*She stoops to pick it up.*)

KEENIE. Yes'm. (*Half out of the door.*) I'll be right back . . . (*Provocatively.*) . . . Nate. (*He shudders as she says his name. She goes.*)

SIS. Why 'n the world didn't you walk Keenie home?

NATE. 'Cause.

SIS. Seems like you can't even talk in front of her no more. (*Picks up his plate.*) Why, Nate Beaseley, you ain't et a thing.

NATE. Ain't hungry.

SIS. Be it my cookin'?

NATE. No! Food ain't temptin' to me no more.

SIS. 'Tain't your liver or stomach?

NATE. Not that I knows of.

SIS. Ain't you got no idea what it is?

NATE. Well . . . no. . . .

SIS. The way you hesitate in answerin', son, makes me think you do have some notion why.

NATE. It ain't nothin' I can tell you. You wouldn't know my meanin'.

SIS. Prob'ly Mr. Linken would.

NATE. (*jumping up*) No, Maw. Not Mr. Linken. Don't tell him nothin's wrong with me. Don't you dast!

SIS. Shucks! He'll iron out your troubles in no time.

NATE. (*grabs the plate from her*) Ain't nothin' troublin' me. See how I'm eatin'! (*He starts gulping his food.*)

SIS. Must be somethin' powerful mean eff'n you don't want Mr. Linken to know.

NATE. Eff'n you won't go to Mr. Linken with it, I'll tell you.—It's . . . a gal.

SIS. It's Keenie!

NATE. 'Tain't!

SIS. 'Tis!

NATE. Ain't thinkin' 'bout Keenie no more.

SIS. I reckon Curly Allen is.

NATE. And I reckon she'll marry him because he's got the money for a travelin' honeymoon.

SIS. You got somethin' better'n money. Forty acres of good, black Illinoy land. All you need is enough git-up to ask her to marry you.

NATE. (*going to the door*) Ain't no use, Maw. (*Despairingly.*) She'll never marry me, Keenie won't. (*He pulls the door open desperately.*)

SIS. (*alarmed*) What you aimin' to do, son?

NATE. Me? I'm just goin' out to slop the hogs.

(*He goes out as JUDGE DAVIS and LAWYER CRAIG come down the stairs. They are distinguished-looking gentlemen. CRAIG is young and DAVIS is middle-aged. DAVIS is talking.*)

JUDGE. Hasn't Mr. Lincoln come back yet?

SIS. Don't you fret so, Jedge Davis. He's big enough and homely enough to take care of himself.

JUDGE. (*at the fireplace, spreads his coat tails to warm his back*) Precisely! What annoys us is that he insists on taking care of everyone else, too, eh, Craig?

CRAIG. Anyone can get his ear. He delights in settling things outside of court. Naturally, us lawyers lose the fees.

SIS. (*admiringly*) Now ain't that just like Mr. Linken!

JUDGE. It's just like him to keep us waiting too. Court starts tomorrow. We've got to get a jury together. Mr. Lincoln must show more respect for his profession else I shall refuse to let him on my circuit. He needs to be taught a severe lesson. Confound him, why doesn't he ride in?

CRAIG. He's probably down at the livery stable swapping

yarns. I daresay he feels more at home with the horses than with us.

JUDGE. You trying to be facetious, Mr. Craig?

CRAIG. (*respectfully*) No, sir.

(*LINCOLN enters from the outside door, removing his stove-pipe hat as he steps into the room.*)

SIS. (*beaming*) Come in and set, Mr. Linken. We were just talkin' of you.

LINCOLN. I plead guilty to whatever it was. That's the quickest way to settle a case, eh, Judge?

JUDGE. We have no time for jokes, Mr. Lincoln. You are already very late.

LINCOLN. I stopped at the livery stable. . . .

CRAIG. So I was not being facetious, Judge.

LINCOLN. Seems like they gave me a mighty slow horse today. "You keep this horse for funerals, don't you?" I asked him. "Oh, no, sir," he answered. "Well, I'm glad of that," I said. "For if you did, you'd never get the corpse to the grave in time for the Resurrection."

(*MRS. BEASELEY laughs. CRAIG smiles behind his hand. The JUDGE is furious.*)

JUDGE. Mr. Lincoln, your conduct is inexcusable.

LINCOLN. Looks like I got to get right down to business then. (*He takes some legal papers from the inside of his hat.*) If you are ready. . . . I was able to pick up those briefs. . . .

SIS. (*interrupts as the JUDGE picks up the briefs and examines them*) I had hoped, Mr. Linken, to get you talkin' about romance.

LINCOLN. I'm afraid I'm no authority. My own romance ended rather abruptly.

SIS. (*sympathetically*) Did the lady leave you?

LINCOLN. No. (*He sighs.*) She married me.

(CRAIG starts to guffaw but quickly squelches himself as the JUDGE frowns at him.)

JUDGE. (*rattling the papers*) If you please, Mr. Lincoln!

LINCOLN. Just a moment, Judge. The law will always wait. But romance is a mighty fleeting thing. (*He bows.*) I am at your service, Mrs. Beaseley.

SIS. Could you give advice on how a feller could get hisself up to the altar?

LINCOLN. My advice would be purely theoretical. I shied twice, myself, before they got the halter on to me. However, an attractive woman like you . . .

SIS. Oh, it's nothin' personal. It's my boy, Nate. He can't raise enough gumption to ask Miz Jackson's Keenie to marry him because he ain't got the money for the travel-in' honeymoon she reckons she's got to have. You got any ideas, Mr. Linken?

LINCOLN. No. But Mrs. Lincoln might. If I only had time to consult her.

SIS. Time is what we ain't got, with Curly Allen a-courtin' her while Nate's settin' around.

JUDGE. Indeed Mr. Lincoln has time. My time! His clients' time! The state's time. He may waste all of it. (*Bitterly.*) It doesn't belong to him.

LINCOLN. Man back in Indiana, going to be hanged, felt the same way. He was going to the scaffold in a slow-moving cart. A lot of folks were running ahead to get a place where they could have a good view. As one bunch of perspiring men rushed past the cart, the condemned man called out: "What's your hurry, boys? You got plenty of time. There won't be any fun till I get there."

JUDGE. Bah!

LINCOLN. Judge, here is an opportunity to repay Mrs.

Beaseley for being so kind to us. Let me make a bargain with you: If I succeed in getting Nate to propose, you are never to lecture me again about wasting time. If I fail . . .

JUDGE. If you fail . . . ?

LINCOLN. I swear I'll give up what you call wasting time and devote all of it to you, my clients, and my state.

JUDGE. You promise that . . . if you fail?

LINCOLN. I do!

JUDGE. It's a bargain!

LINCOLN. Good! Mrs. Beaseley, how old is Nate?

SIS. He just turned the corner on twenty-one.

LINCOLN. No!

SIS. Yes! It was livin' down country with his Paw so long made him kind of slow-like.

(NATE comes in carrying a bucket and starts to go to the kitchen.)

LINCOLN. Twenty-one! I think I see a way. . . . Nate?

(NATE stops.) Judge Davis, I see how I can waste my time and still 'tend strictly to business. I have already found our first juror for court tomorrow.

CRAIG. Who?

LINCOLN. NATE BEASELEY!

(NATE drops the bucket.)

JUDGE. *(annoyed)* Really, Mr. Lincoln . . .

LINCOLN. Why not? He's qualified. He's twenty-one. *(To NATE.)* How'd you like to be a juror, Nate, and earn yourself some money for . . . say . . . a traveling honeymoon?

NATE. *(gulping in his eagerness)* I'd admire to do it, Mr. Linken. I'll be a first-rate juror. I'll make 'em bring in whatever verdict you tell me.

LINCOLN. We could use eleven more like him, eh, Judge?
(*He puts on his hat and goes to the door.*) I'll go tell Miss Keenie you've got something mighty important to tell her, Nate.

NATE. I'll sure be able to pop the question now.

LINCOLN. Judge, I consider my case as good as won.

(*The JUDGE beckons to CRAIG who joins him downstage.*)

CRAIG. The girl is still to be reckoned with, Abe.

SIS. Oh, she'll grab him all right. Mr. Linken, don't trouble yourself a-fetchin' her. Keenie's on her way over here now with the Harmony Class.

(*The JUDGE and CRAIG are conversing in whispers downstage.*)

LINCOLN. I want to talk to her alone and sort of smooth the way for Nate.

SIS. (*as LINCOLN goes*) I just got time to set my bread to rizin' 'fore they get here. (*Going to the kitchen door.*) Talk to the jedge and to Lawyer Craig, boy. (*The two men come out of their whispered huddle as they hear their names.*) And tell 'em thankee for lettin' you be a juror. (*She goes.*)

NATE. (*gulps*) Thankee.

CRAIG. Just what do you think a juryman does, Nate? (*He and the JUDGE exchange winks.*)

NATE. He listens to both sides tell the criminal what he done. Then he listens while the jedge tells the lawyers what they just done said. Then he goes into a little room with the other jurors and swaps stories till the jedge is fit to be tied. Then they come out and say guilty or not guilty . . . 'cordin' to how feelin' is in the town.

JUDGE. Why do they do this?

NATE. 'Cause they get paid for it.

CRAIG. You'll do. (*He and the JUDGE exchange nods unseen by NATE.*)

JUDGE. There is . . . ah . . . one thing . . . ah . . .
Mr. Lincoln didn't make plain. As a juror, you are not permitted to talk to anyone.

NATE. Not nobody?

CRAIG. If you so much as say "howdy" to anyone, you're disqualified.

NATE. Dis . . . dis . . . what does that mean?

JUDGE. It means you won't get the money for that honeymoon of yours.

CRAIG. That's right.

NATE. Gosh! Then Keenie 'n' me . . . I can't . . .

JUDGE. Talking to the ladies is especially forbidden. They don't keep secrets.

NATE. (*scratches his head*) If I talk, I don't get the money for the honeymoon. If I don't talk, I don't get the honeymoon. . . . Gosh. . . .

JUDGE. I will now swear you in as a juror. After that, you're not allowed to say a word until court session is over.

CRAIG. Excepting to your fellow jurymen.

JUDGE. (*holding up his hand*) I hereby pronounce you a juror. You understand? (*NATE gulps and nods "Yes," afraid to speak. The sound of ladies' voices is heard approaching the house. NATE looks at the door apprehensively and then bolts into the kitchen. The JUDGE laughs.*) I guess I put a fine crimp into Mr. Lincoln's plans. The boy is nothing if not conscientious. He'll keep silent all week now. Lincoln will never get a proposal out of him now.

CRAIG. You're mighty shrewd, Judge. But somehow, I think that Abe will win out. I'd be willing to wager . . .

(*But here the door is thrown open and LULY MAY, a plump, pretty girl of seventeen . . . always giggling, comes in*

with MRS. JACKSON who is tall, large, good-natured and quite the bossy type. Following her is MISS SOPHRONY, a spare, eager man-hunting spinster. ABE LINCOLN and KEENIE come in last. The ladies wear bonnets and shawls and carry their Missouri Harmony Books. CRAIG and the JUDGE rush for the stairs trying to escape the ladies. They have just made the first two steps when LINCOLN stops them.)

LINCOLN. Gentlemen! Gentlemen! The ladies have arrived!

(MISS SOPHRONY simpers and tosses her head eyeing the portly JUDGE avidly. LULY MAY squirms and giggles on a high note. MRS. JACKSON reaches up and shakes hands vigorously with the men.)

MRS. JACKSON. Howdy! I'm Miz' Jackson, Keenie's Maw. SIS. *(hurrying in, wiping flour off her arms.)* Howdy, gals.

Here I be! All over flour. Let me make you acquainted with Judge Davis and Lawyer Craig. They're boardin' with me while court's in session. You all know Keenie's Maw. *(MRS. JACKSON makes a little bob.)* This here's Miss Sophrony.

MISS SOPHRONY. *(eagerly)* Married?

CRAIG. Absolutely! For the second time.

JUDGE. *(hurriedly)* And I'm engaged to a very jealous widow. *(He pulls out his handkerchief and wipes his face.)*

MISS SOPHRONY. *(disappointed)* Shucks!

SIS. And here's Luly May, Keenie's particular gal friend.

LULY MAY. *(giggling)* Tee hee!

(CRAIG stretches out his hand. She is just about to take it, when she draws her hand back swiftly, giggles louder, hides her face in her hands and runs and hides behind MRS. BEASELEY. CRAIG and the JUDGE exchange sour looks.)

LINCOLN. Miss Keenie!

(She makes a curtsey. The men bow.)

SIS. *(at the kitchen door)* The parlor's waitin' on you if you don't mind traipsin' through the kitchen.

MISS SOPHRONY. *(muttering as she goes out through the kitchen)* Land o' Goshen! The best ones are always took.

MRS. JACKSON. Will you gentlemen join us in a little close harmony?

JUDGE. *(as he and CRAIG elbow each other out of the way in order to get upstairs)* Sorry! I have some briefs to study.

CRAIG. Important letters to write home.

(They are upstairs.)

LULY MAY. Tee hee! Tee hee! *(Giggling she runs out through the kitchen door.)*

LINCOLN. I'd like a word alone with Miss Keenie.

MRS. JACKSON. Certainly, Mr. Linken.

(KEENIE sits on the settee as MRS. JACKSON follows the others.)

LINCOLN. *(as MRS. BEASELEY is about to leave)* Send Nate in here, will you?

SIS. Yes, sir. *(She goes.)*

(LINCOLN stands looking down at KEENIE.)

KEENIE. Like I was sayin', Mr. Linken, I'm willin' to give him a chance but I won't marry no man as couldn't even ask me.

LINCOLN. Not even when he worships you?

(Now the voices of the Harmony Class drift in faintly from the parlor. The ladies are practicing "Old Salem" without the words. They sing in harmony. The song continues softly under the dialogue.)

VOICES. (*softly, off*) Do-do-re-mi-do-re-do-mi-re-do-ti.
(*Etc., etc.*)

KEENIE. It's silly of him not to even look at me. (*She tosses her head.*) Curly Allen looks and he sure does talk. I reckon he's fonder of me.

LINCOLN. You'll find Nate very talkative now, I think.
(*NATE appears hesitantly in the kitchen doorway.*) Come in. Come in, Nate. I've got to go. (*At the outside door.*) I think I'll just sit in the moonlight and enjoy the singing. (*To KEENIE as he goes out.*) Call me if you need any help. (*He goes.*)

(*There is silence. The singing is heard more clearly in the silence.*)

VOICES. (*off*) Sol-la-ti-mi-re-do-sol-fa-mi-re-mi. (*Etc.*)

KEENIE. (*patting the seat beside her*) Set down, Nate. (*He does so.*) It's a mighty pretty evenin'. (*He looks at her dumbly.*) Mr. Linken said you had somethin' to say to me. (*He turns away bashfully.*) Was it about the cotillion? (*She waits. No answer. She pleats her dress coyly.*) 'Cause eff'n it is, I already passed my promise to go with Curly Allen. (*NATE looks at her, anguished. But he presses his lips tightly together.*) I could change my mind, though. (*Impatiently.*) Well, Nate? (*Rises.*) Well! Well! (*Beginning to shout as she stamps about the room.*) Am I so all-fired ugly you can't even speak to me? (*He presses his lips tightly together and makes some mumbling sounds. She shakes her finger at him.*) Very well! Curly ain't so backward, I must say. I guess I better start givin' him a mite more encouragement. (*In despair, NATE goes up and lunges at the kitchen door. Terrified, KEENIE runs to the other door and shouts out.*) Mr. Linken! Mr. Linken! (*LINCOLN comes loping in.*) He's a-gettin' away on me.

LINCOLN. Nate! (*The boy stands still.*) Haven't you proposed to her yet? (*NATE shakes his head "no."* LINCOLN *smiles genially.*) Oh, well. That's a mere technicality. As I recall, I didn't do any proposing either and here I am a married man. So if you two will just take it for granted, I believe we can announce . . .

(*NATE shakes his head eagerly in the affirmative.*)

KEENIE. No!

LINCOLN. Nate loves you.

KEENIE. Ain't enough. (*Stamps her foot.*) I ain't takin' no man less'n he can make me a first-rate, bang-up proposal.

LINCOLN. Go ahead, Nate. (*NATE shakes his head stubbornly.*) You want to marry her? (*NATE shakes his head "yes" eagerly.*) Ask her, then.

(*NATE shakes his head "no."*)

KEENIE. (*pleadingly.*) You got to ask me proper or it'll get around that I done the proposin'. (*NATE shakes his head very sadly.*) All right! Don't! (*She folds her arms and turns her back on NATE.*)

LINCOLN. Just try it, Nate. Keenie'll meet you more than halfway, I'm sure. (*She tosses her head but looks around slyly to see if he's going to use the suggestion. NATE in stubborn but agonized pantomime says "no."* LINCOLN *sighs.*) Well, I guess there's no hope for it. You won't propose and she won't have you unless you do. I might as well give up. At least the Judge will be pleased. (*He starts to go. Frantically NATE pulls him by the coat tails and detains him. LINCOLN stops and stares at NATE. NATE looks at him with such dumb pleading, that LINCOLN tries again.*) I reckon I got to do the proposing, then. (*NATE seems delighted. LINCOLN stands next to him.*) Miss Keenie, I ain't much on sweet talking but I love you deep

down and I got a good farm that will take care of us in our old age.

KEENIE. But I ain't old yet.

LINCOLN. Maybe Curly Allen's got a fancy way of speaking, but . . . (*At the mention of CURLY'S name, NATE clenches his fists, frowns and almost growls.*) . . . he can't care for you like I do. (*NATE fetches up a deep sigh.*) No man could. Keenie, if you won't have me, I'm like to die. (*NATE looks very woebegone.*) Say you'll take me.

(*NATE takes a step towards her hopefully.*)

KEENIE. No. *He's* got to ask me and I got to have the travelin' honeymoon.

LINCOLN. The honeymoon is assured. Nate will have money. He's going to be on the . . . (*NATE stops him by frantically tugging at his sleeve and shaking his head violently, indicating he must say no more.*) Of course, you'll have money. The Judge and I . . .

(*Afraid that LINCOLN will reveal that he is to be a juror, he tries to put his hand over LINCOLN'S mouth.*)

KEENIE. See! See! He's got the money but he ain't wantin' me to know. I ain't never a-goin' to marry him now. Never!

LINCOLN. Nate! For the last time! Will you propose to her? (*NATE shakes his head stubbornly.*) Miss Keenie! For the last time! Will you have him without the words? (*She shakes her head stubbornly. LINCOLN goes to the stairs.*) I guess I'm licked, as I said to the man who tried to shoot me. (*He pauses on the bottom step.*) Back in Little Pigeon Creek, one of the ugliest men I ever did see pushed a big pistol in my face and said he was going to kill me. "Why?" I asked him. "Well," he said, "some years ago I swore an oath that if I ever came across an

uglier man than myself, I'd shoot him on the spot." (*He walks up one step.*) "Stranger," I said, "shoot me! For if I am uglier than you, I don't want to live." (*As he starts to mount the stairs.*) I'll bid you good night.

KEENIE. Mr. Linken! (*She flies up the stairs after him, grabs his coat tails and succeeds in pulling him down the stairs. She pushes him towards NATE and waits anxiously for LINCOLN to resume negotiations.*)

LINCOLN. (*scratching his head*) There must be some way out of this, as the fellow said who was in jail for life. Let me see. . . . (*He looks at NATE who has turned his back. He looks at KEENIE. He straightens up as though he had come to a decision and then crosses to stand next to KEENIE. He speaks for her.*) Nate, I'm kind of a pretty gal and there are heaps o' men willing to marry me. But somehow, I hanker after you. (*She is indignant. She pulls his coat, frowns and shakes her head negatively. LINCOLN tries again. The singing in the parlor has stopped by now.*) Nate, I know you ain't much on talking. Maybe I admire you for it in my secret heart. I know that, like most men, you're trying to duck the yoke of matrimony. (*Sighs, turns away and speaks as for himself.*) And I don't blame you. (*He walks away from KEENIE and comes downstage. He hooks his thumbs in his galluses and tramps up and down as though addressing an imaginary jury.*) Courtship is the long-drawn-out trial which usually leads to the passing of the life sentence—marriage. The plaintiff in this case is the woman. She is fighting for her inalienable rights: a pretty proposal, vows of undying love, and a traveling honeymoon. On the other hand, the man, the defendant, has his rights also, the most important of which is the right to his liberty! (*He holds up his hand as if to stem either protest or applause from spectators in his imaginary courtroom.*) It may be said that the plaintiff is fighting

for her birthrights, and that the defendant is fighting merely for his rights.

KEENIE. (*trying to recall him to the practical matter at hand*) Pst! Pst!

LINCOLN. The plaintiff is entitled to her demands. The defendant, on the other hand, is entitled to hold out on the plaintiff. My sympathies are with the young woman. Yet, I cannot but feel that there is much to be said for the defendant. (*NATE jerks his coat sleeve, nudges him and points to KEENIE and then to himself. When she sees LINCOLN is recalled, she turns her back on the men.*) Oh, yes! What was I saying? (*He returns to KEENIE'S side.*) Yes, Nate, it would be mighty convenient if you could say pretty things to me now and then. But if you can't you just can't, and that's all. So I got to take you like you are and love you for the things you're lacking in. (*NATE is so pleased, he steps over, shakes LINCOLN'S hand sincerely and returns to his side of the room.*) I know you're a good boy and a hard worker and mighty sweet to your Maw. (*NATE, pleased but bashful, draws circles on the floor with his foot. KEENIE stands rigid.*) And when you're slicked up proper, you're almost good-looking. (*NATE is almost overcome by the praise. KEENIE'S shoulders shake a little in suppressed laughter. NATE beckons to LINCOLN and catches his eye. He expresses something in pantomime. He holds his hand about a foot from the ground, then about a foot and a half from the ground. He points at KEENIE. LINCOLN scratches his head, puzzled.*) How's that? (*NATE holds something gingerly in his arms, in pantomime. He pantomimes dropping it, it breaks, he grieves. LINCOLN guesses.*) Oh! Eggs! (*NATE nods eagerly and again holds his hand a foot from the floor.*) And chickens! (*NATE nods eagerly. LINCOLN to KEENIE.*) When we're married, I'm going to buy you a chicken. You can sell the eggs it lays and when

you get enough money . . . (NATE *holds his hand two feet from the ground.*) you can buy a bigger chicken.

KEENIE. (*stamps her foot in rage and shakes her fist at them*) Oh, you will, will you? Chickens! I guess you'd even let me clean out the coops eff'n it would make me happy. (NATE *nods blissfully.*) Oh, you! You! You got the worst case of no gumption I ever did see. Nate Beasley, I wouldn't marry you now eff'n I had to die an old maid. I hate you! I hate you! You horrible . . .

LINCOLN. (*breaking in on her tirade*) Ain't she pretty when she's in a temper? (*Firmly.*) Now, Keenie, stop acting up and come over here and kiss me like you should.

KEENIE. (*stamps her feet, scowls, lowers her head and looks up, smiling demurely*) Don't . . . mind . . . eff'n I do. (*Holding out her arms, she crosses to LINCOLN who holds out his arms and goes to meet her.*)

(NATE *looks on, open-mouthed with astonishment as they meet in the c. of the room. LINCOLN puts his arms about her and is just on the point of kissing her when NATE comes to his senses.*)

NATE. Hold on, Mr. Linken! Hold on! *You ain't me. You're just speakin' up for me . . . not actin'.* (*He yanks KEENIE away from LINCOLN and takes her into his arms for a long embrace.*)

(KEENIE *seems delighted.*)

LINCOLN. (*after watching them ruefully for a second*) I'm like the old lady who baked the pies and never even got to taste them.

NATE. (*howls and pushes KEENIE away from him suddenly*) I spoke out! (*Accusingly to LINCOLN.*) You done tempted me! (*Despairingly.*) And she done made me break the law. Now I don't get to be no juryman and I lose the money for the travelin' honeymoon.

LINCOLN. What's this?

NATE. Judge Davis swore me in and said I dasn't speak to no one.

LINCOLN. (*looks up the stairs and smiles grimly*) And that's why you couldn't speak out and propose? (NATE *nods*.) I see now what the judge was up to. (*He puts his hand on NATE'S shoulder.*) The judge was just having fun with you, Nate. It's only during the trial that you can't talk to outsiders.

NATE. You mean it's all right, then? (LINCOLN *nods*. *With a great sigh of relief.*) Well, you done won me, Keenie.

(*She pouts, but very masterfully he takes her into his arms and kisses her.*)

LINCOLN. (*lopes to the kitchen door and calls out*) Mrs. Beaseley! Mrs. Jackson! Ladies! (*Then he strides to the stairway.*) Come on down, Judge Davis. I want to show you something, Mr. Craig! (*The JUDGE and CRAIG appear instantly on the staircase.*) Eavesdroppers!

CRAIG. I told you he'd do it, Judge.

LINCOLN. And in spite of you.

JUDGE. Humph!

LINCOLN. You promised if I won that you wouldn't lecture me again.

JUDGE. Nevertheless, Mr. Lincoln . . .

LINCOLN. You got to keep your promise now, as the old maid said to the farmer who had invited her sight unseen to the cornhusking.

(*The ladies crowd in through the kitchen door.*)

MRS. JACKSON. (*after a glance at the lovers who are still embracing*) Keenie done landed him!

SIS. My boy! (*She begins to sob and speaks through her sobs.*) I'm so . . . so . . . hap-hap-happy.

LULY MAY. Tee hee! Tee hee!

(The lovers separate in confusion. MISS SOPHRONY rushes to KEENIE and kisses her profusely on the cheek. LULY MAY kisses her other cheek. MRS. BEASELEY and MRS. JACKSON do the same. The men shake hands with NATE, excepting the JUDGE who sulks by the fire.)

MISS SOPHRONY. Be you married, Mr. Linken?

LINCOLN. *(sighing deeply)* Yes.

MISS SOPHRONY. *(also sighing deeply)* Too bad!

LINCOLN. *(looks at her and shudders slightly)* Well—sometimes I'm almost reconciled!

SIS. We got you to thank for this, Mr. Linken.

MRS. JACKSON. Yes, indeedy.

LULY MAY. Tee hee! Tee hee!

CRAIG. Abe, have you any advice to offer these young people who are about to embark on what is commonly called the sea of matrimony?

LINCOLN. I have one rule for a happy marriage. My wife explained it to me on our wedding day.

CRAIG. If I may inquire?

LINCOLN. We agreed that she settle all minor problems and I settle all major problems.

CRAIG. Does it work?

LINCOLN. Perfectly. *(Pause.)* So far we don't seem to have any major problems. *(Shaking NATE'S hand.)* Leave everything to your wife, son, if you want a happy marriage.

NATE. What does a feller say when he faces the preacher?

LINCOLN. I said, "With this ring I now thee wed and with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

JUDGE. Good gracious, Lincoln, the statute fixes all that.

LINCOLN. *(drawling)* I know. I just thought I'd add a little dignity to the statute. Now! *(He claps his hands and stamps his feet.)* How about a song for the happy pair? *(In a nasal, toneless but somehow pleasant-sounding*

voice, he starts off . . .) “ Old Blue Jay is hoppin’,
eatin’ seeds you’re droppin’.”

LULY MAY. Tee hee! Tee hee!

MISS SOPHRONY. No, no, Mr. Linken. (*She takes a pitch
pipe from her reticule, sounds the first note and nods to
SIS.*)

SIS. (*singing*) “ Old Blue Jay is hoppin’, eatin’ seeds you’re
droppin’.”

MRS. JACKSON. (*joining her on the second line*) “ Your
corn will never grow.”

KEENIE and LULY MAY. (*coming in on the third line*) “ Old
Blue Jay is merry. Eats all he can carry.”

ALL THE LADIES. “ Hoppin’ down the road.”

LINCOLN. (*in his zeal to join in, he jumps at the next phrase
before the ladies are ready and sings it out alone*) “ Hop,
Blue Jay! ”

(*LULY MAY has a fit of giggling and has to stop singing.*)

LINCOLN and LADIES. “ Here’s a clod for you! Hop, Blue
Jay. Eatin’ time is thru.”

(*During the last line, LINCOLN motions the men to join in.
They look at each other. LINCOLN takes MRS. BEASELEY’S
hand and stands in dance position. KEENIE grabs NATE’S
hands and they form a square. They start to dance. All
sing the second verse, excepting the JUDGE who sulks by
the fireplace. As the music gets under way, CRAIG grabs
LULY MAY’S hands and they get into the dance. MISS
SOPHRONY leads the singing. MRS. JACKSON glares angrily
at the JUDGE, waiting for him to invite her to dance.*)

ALL. “ Old Blue Jay is floppin’, now no more he’s hoppin’,
My corn is sure to grow.
Old Blue Jay’s a smarty. But this ain’t no party,
Old Blue Jay must go.

Flop, Blue Jay. Go on, flop away.

Flop, Blue Jay, this is not your day."

(*Near the end, MRS. BEASELEY, panting heavily, has slipped out of the dance and now sits fanning herself with her apron. With a grotesque but somehow gallant gesture, LINCOLN offers his arm to MISS SOPHRONY who is overcome with delight. He takes her away from the dancers, puts his arm about her and they are off in a bouncing polka. All but these two start singing the second verse again.*)

LINCOLN. (*over the singing*) That's how it should be danced.

MISS SOPHRONY. (*over the singing*) You gals better shine up to Mr. Linken for the cotillion in the jedge's honor. He's a mighty fine dancer.

KEENIE. (*stops dancing and smiles at LINCOLN provocatively*) I wouldn't say no, eff'n he was to ask me to dance a set with him.

LINCOLN. (*stops dancing*) Miss Keenie, if I may have the honor . . .

NATE. (*shouting out*) No, you don't, Mr. Linken. (*He grabs KEENIE'S hand and pulls her out of the door.*

(*She goes with a backward smiling glance at LINCOLN. LULY MAY giggles.*)

SIS. Ladies! Ladies! We must get on with our practicin'. Come on. (*The ladies go to the kitchen door and file into the parlor through the kitchen.*) Jedge, we'd be mighty honored if you'd join us. And you, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Craig.

LINCOLN. Why not, Judge?

CRAIG. Yes. Why not? (*He prepares to follow the ladies.*)

JUDGE. Perhaps I will.

SIS. (*as she and CRAIG go into the kitchen*) Come along, then.

JUDGE. Presently, Mrs. Beaseley. (*Now LINCOLN and the JUDGE are left alone.*) I could not help eavesdropping, Mr. Lincoln, and I grudgingly admit that I admire the way you handled that proposal.

LINCOLN. Then I'm not to be lectured any more for skylarking?

JUDGE. I'll never say another critical word, providing you do something for me.

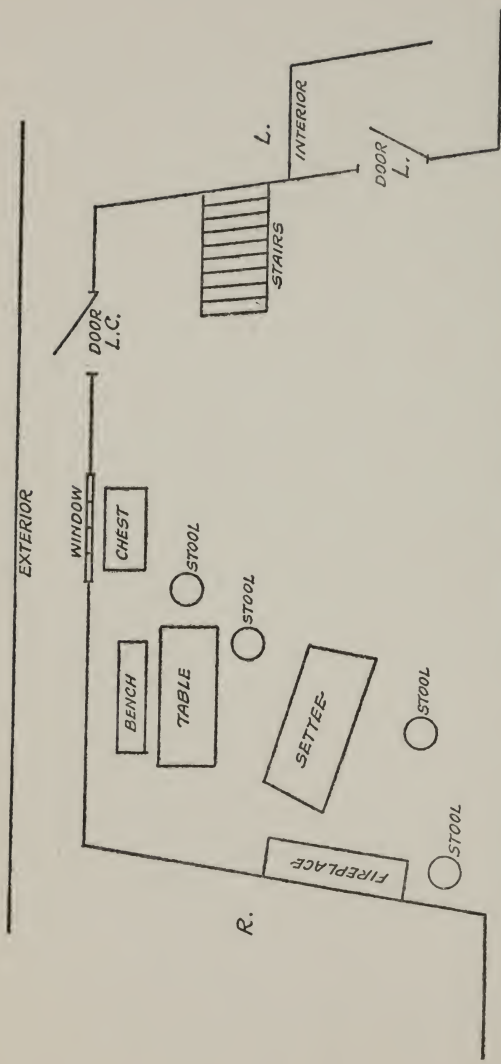
LINCOLN. Name it.

JUDGE. (*looks around cautiously, takes LINCOLN'S arm and draws him far away from the kitchen door*) A very wealthy but extremely jealous widow back in Springfield happens to be interested in me.

LINCOLN. (*rubbing his hands together*) And you want me to win this lady for you?

JUDGE. (*wiping his brow*) Gad, no, Mr. Lincoln. I want you to *get rid of her* for me.

QUICK CURTAIN



SCENE DESIGN
"LAWYER LINCOLN"

PROPERTY PLOT

Properties on Stage

Lighted lamp on table.
Basket of knitting on settee.
Logs in fireplace.
Brass bed warmer standing against fireplace.
Framed cross-stitch sampler hanging over fireplace.

Properties That Are Carried on Stage

By SIS BEASELEY:

Missouri Harmony Book.
Plate of food.
Knife and fork.

By NATE BEASELEY:

Slop bucket; a wooden pail.

By JUDGE DAVIS:

Large white handkerchief.

By ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

Stovepipe hat.
Legal papers inside hat.

By MISS SOPHRONY:

Missouri Harmony Book.
Black reticule.
Pitch pipe in reticule.

By LULY MAY:

Missouri Harmony Book.

By MIZ JACKSON:

Missouri Harmony Book.
Handkerchief.

By KEENIE JACKSON:

Missouri Harmony Book.

NEW SALEM

Words from MISSOURI HARMONY BOOK

MUSIC by CHASE WEBB

OH THOU IN WHOSE PRES-ENCE, MY SOUL TAKE DE - LIGHT. ON

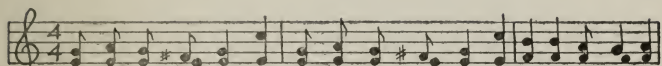
WHOM IN AFFLICTION I CALL. MY COM-FORT BY DAY AND MY SONG IN THE

NIGHT, MY HOPE MY SAL - VA - TION MY ALL.

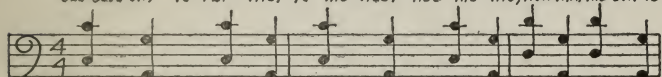
OLD BLUE JAY

Words & Music by CHASE WEBB

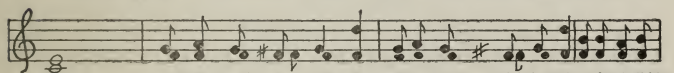
SCHOTTISCHE



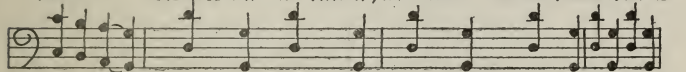
OLD BLUE JAY IS HOP-PING, EAT-ING SEEDS YOU'RE DROP-PING, YOUR CORN WILL NE-VER
 OLD BLUE JAY IS FLOP-PING, NOW NO MORE HE'S HOP-PING, MY CORN IS SURE TO
 OLD BLUE JAY IS FLY-ING, TO HIS NEST HE'S HIE-ING, NOW THAT HIS DAY IS



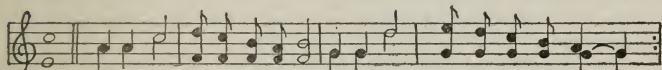
OLD BLUE JAY IS HOP, HOP, HOP-PING CORN WILL NE-VER
 OLD BLUE JAY IS FLOP, FLOP, FLOP-PING CORN IS SURE TO
 OLD BLUE JAY IS HIE, HIE, HIE-ING, NOW HIS DAY IS



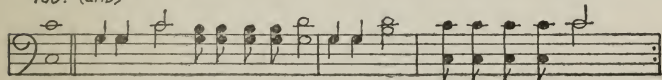
GROW - OLD BLUE JAY IS MER-RY, EATS ALL HE CAN CAR-RY HOP-PING DOWN THE
 GROW - OLD BLUE JAY'S A SMAR-TY, BUT THIS IS NO PAR-TY OLE BLUE JAY MUST
 THRU - OLD BLUE JAY IS MER-RY, HAS ALL HE CAN CARRY THAT GOES FOR ME



NE-VER GROW HE HAS ALL THAT HE CAN CAR-RY HOP-PING DOWN THE
 SURE TO GROW SMAR-TY THIS IS NOT A PAR-TY OLE BLUE JAY MUST
 DAY IS THRU HE HAS ALL THAT HE CAN CARRY THAT GOES FOR ME



ROW - HOP BLUE JAY HERE'S A CLOD FOR YOU! HOP BLUE JAY, EATING TIME IS THRU -
 GO! FLOP BLUE JAY GO ON, FLOP A-WAY! FLOP, BLUE JAY, THIS IS NOT YOUR DAY!
 TOO. (END)



PLAYABLE SHORT PLAYS

(Continued)

GOOD NEIGHBORS, farce-comedy by William Farma. Mildred, daughter of a highly respectable family, has been out all night. Through the ill-advised use of a telephone by Mildred's mother and sister, something in the nature of a scandal arises as the result of a natural misunderstanding. The play reaches its climax when Mildred and her young man, who have been out in search of two lost puppies, are discovered sitting on the sun-porch. The fun in the play arises from the spectacle of a mountain of scandal that grew out of a mole-hill of fact. The young couple, who really are going to get married anyway, are by no means displeased when circumstances bring about an earlier announcement of their engagement than they had planned.

3 men, 4 women. (If two puppies can be found who will act, they will add to the audience's enjoyment. They are not, however, absolutely essential.)

SIGHTSEEING DE LUXE, farce by Virginia H. Gray. This fast moving piece, laid in a hotel lobby, shows the hilarious struggles of Michael Winslow, owner of the De Luxe Private Car Co., to save his business from the onrush of the shoddy rubberneck buses across the street. June Perkins, a pert little public stenographer, and Miss Brownell, information desk attendant, help him in manufacturing a countess to give the company an aristocratic touch. A guest, just arrived, consents to play the part of the countess who has to be kidnapped and rescued for the free publicity. The sub-plot, involving Benny the bell-boy and the counter-girl, and the arrest of Michael for false impersonation, together with the revelation of the real identity of the countess afford plenty of variety and action in this entertaining but unpretentious skit.

6 men, 7 women; 1 simple set showing hotel lobby.

DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.

6 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

PLAYABLE SHORT PLAYS

(Continued)

LITTLE DAVID, play by Marc Connelly, suggested by Roark Bradford's "Ol' Man Adam and his Chillun." This tender, moving and humorous scene was originally a part of *The Green Pastures* but for practical reasons was omitted from the book and production of that famous play. It tells, in characteristic *Green Pastures* fashion, how the little shepherd boy invented a sling with which he was determined to save his people from the Philistines. The *Laud* decides to give David a chance, and the little play rises to a climax when we see just the lower part of the legs of the terrible giant and are present at his destruction. The play offers opportunity for imaginative but very simple scenery, and the singing of Spirituals.

3 men (not to mention the suggestion of the feet of Goliath). The setting and costumes must be largely left to the discretion of the producer.

ALL MY LIFE, drama by George M. Savage, Jr. Mrs. Sawyer believes herself the happiest of mothers. Her daughter Mary has won a poetry prize and Mrs. Sawyer has the happy task of announcing the news to Mary. The announcement, however, comes as a thunderbolt. Hard-boiled, shrewd, but human Mrs. MacGregor introduces the first thread of plot into this tense little play, outwits the self-seeking publisher's representative, and prevents tragedy from ruining the lives of mother and daughter. On the whole, a serious and extremely effective play for an all-female cast.

4 women; 1 simple interior setting.

DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.

6 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

PLAYABLE SHORT PLAYS

(Continued)

ALIEN, play by Phoebe Hoffman. William Lewis, doctor, idealist, belonging to a socially prominent family, married Ellen, a simple Irish girl. He retired to England to do research work in the London slums. He died poor. Ellen returns to America for the funeral. Realizing the sacrifices her husband has made for her, she desires to carry out his last wish and give an ancestral portrait to the museum, before she leaves for Ireland. Mrs. Lewis, her sister-in-law, and her elderly daughters, Willie and Julia, oppose her. Marjorie, a great-niece, moved by Ellen's character, sides with her. A complete rift threatens. Ellen finds a photograph of her son who had been killed in the war. Julia had been showing it to Marjorie. Filled with pity for the elderly women, she averts a family quarrel and goes her lonely way. This sympathetic and moving study of a house divided is excellent for women's clubs.

5 women; 1 simple interior setting.

SMALL-TOWN GIRL, comedy by Glenn Hughes. A brilliantly conceived and charmingly written comedy of American family life, based on the idea that many girls living in small towns would be happier if they got rid of their big-city complexes and settled down to a sensible existence in their own communities. In this case a young novelist brings about the change of heart in the heroine, much to the amazement and delight of her younger sister and parents—not to mention the small-town boy who wants to marry her. Ideal for high schools or colleges, and written with the sure touch of the author of "Babbitt's Boy" and many other amateur hits.

3 men, 3 women; 1 simple interior setting.

DAISY WON'T TELL, farce by Babette Hughes. Brimming over with action and bright dialogue, this play is concerned with the rivalry of two young reporters (one a boy and the other a girl) in covering the wedding of the governor's daughter. The wedding doesn't come off, but lots of other things do, and they are all funny. The part of Daisy, a dumb but attractive ingenue, is a "natural." All the characters are young, and the play is perfectly suited to either high school or college casts. It is as irresistible as youth itself. Played originally for four weeks at the University of Washington.

3 men, 3 women; 1 simple interior setting.

DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.

6 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

PLAYABLE SHORT PLAYS

Edited by Glenn Hughes

*Director of the Division of Drama, University
of Washington*

Playable Short Plays, each title of which is published in pamphlet form, now includes the following titles which are suitable for production by nonprofessionals in high schools, colleges, universities and Little Theatres. New titles will be added from time to time. Each play is for sale at 35 cents a copy. Production fee, \$5.00 a performance.

COME AGAIN, satirical comedy, by Stanley Kauffmann. A sly satire on the war spirit, laid on a savage island in the South Seas, in which it is shown how a pompous old militaristic savage and his rebellious son, together with the son's equally rebellious sweetheart, settle the differences between their traditional enemies, the Cocoa-Islanders and the Coffee-Islanders. The war spirit is so completely quelled that the resident missionary is forced to admit that he has nothing more to teach.

5 men, 1 woman; 1 simple interior setting; and
any costumes that humorously suggest what savage South Sea Islanders wear.

MRS. HARPER'S BAZAAR, farce by Babette Hughes. A vastly amusing play for 8 girls or young women, particularly suited for the use of high schools and clubs. The play travesties the typical activities of a group of women conducting a charity bazaar. In this case, the charity involves the purchase of mules for the use of school-children in the South. It also involves the personal appearance of a Hollywood star who doesn't particularly like the idea of mules. The star balks, the prizes get mixed, and Mrs. Harper has altogether a hard time of it. The play was very successfully produced for the first time at the University of Washington.

8 women (or girls); 1 simple interior setting.

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



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